

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 9.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Oct. 30, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REMNANT SALE DURING SEPTEMBER AT C. O. FOLTZ

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE, TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:30 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 1, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:58 A. M.
No. 6, 11:58 A. M.
No. 8, 8:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:35 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
gan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZICKLER, Agt.

**L. W. LEWIS,
JEWELER,
AT C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.**

DISCIPLE CHURCH.
Regular services will be held at the Dis-
ciple Church every Sunday. Preaching at
11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Elder Holloman.
Sunday School at 10:15 A. M.

Antioch Home News.

Chic Perkins Comedy Co. to-night.
A number of Insurance agents
have been in town recently.

Last Tuesday night was election
night at the Good Templar Lodge.

An agent of the P. P. Must Har-
vesting Co. was here on business
Friday last.

The Antioch News and the Chi-
cago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal,
to new subscribers, one year for
\$1.80.

There is a rumor afloat that the
milk train will be taken off during
winter months but we cannot say as
to how true the report is.

The Antioch brick yard has on
hand a large quantity of excellent
brick which will be sold in quanti-
ties to suit at lowest market prices.

Our streets were pretty thoroughly
frozen Monday morning last, the
frost of the previous night being
about the severest we have had so
far this season.

The supply of good houses that
are for rent in this village is at
present hardly equal to the demand.
A house that is in good repair and
for rent finds many applicants.

J. C. James & Son find that the
store they now occupy is entirely too
small to accommodate their large
stock of furniture and are on the
lookout for a more commodious
building.

The passengers that were bound
from here to the city on the noon
train Sunday last were treated to a
genuine wait-a-while. The train
was something over an hour and a
half late.

The Cemetery Association will
hold their monthly sociable at the
residence of Mrs. W. H. Emmons
Tuesday, Nov. 4th, 1890. Every-
body cordially invited to attend.
Maud E. Simons Sec.

This is the season of the year that
many are pleased to call Indian
summer. The rainy wet weather
we have been having has little in it
to remind one of the beautiful days
of summer, however.

Notice our clubbing rates and
send in your subscription and se-
cure the News, the liveliest paper
in the county, and your choice of
Chicago papers to read during the
long winter evenings to come.

It would be well for our highway
Commissioners to see that every bridge
and culvert throughout the town is
in thorough repair before the severe
winter weather sets in. It may be
that this advice is unnecessary. Yet
it can do no harm, and may do good.
The matter is oft times overlooked
and as a consequence travelers are
sometimes compelled to cross and re-
cross bridges that are far from being
secure, simply because the evil was
not remedied when it should have
been.

Jerome Story has the foundation
laid for a new barn.

R. Jones intends to move to this
village within a few days.

The cool weather of the past week
has set the buckwheats buzzing.

About 1000 lbs. of milk is received
daily at the butter factory here.

Wesley Gray of Lake Villa was a
caller at our office Monday last.

Read A. Chinn's Auction sale of
new milk cows in another column.

An agent of the Champion Mow-
er Co. was in this village on Friday
last.

Invitations are out for a social
dance to be held at Simons' Hall
this Friday evening.

Sewing Machines from \$25.00 up
at J. C. James & Son's, also all kinds
of Musical Instruments.

C. O. Foltz intends to fix up the
building now occupied by him as a
storage room and put a stock of
goods in it.

H. J. Middendorff has been in
Chicago for the past few days where
he is about to erect a house for rent-
ing purposes.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet
at S. D. Warners Wednesday after-
noon, Nov. 5th. Everybody interest-
ed come. By order of Secretary,
Mrs. Burnett.

Remember that next Tuesday,
Nov. 4th, is election day. Go to the
polls and vote like freemen, for men
not party measures.

The next regular meeting of Lotus
Camp M. W. A. will be held Nov.
10th. All members of the order are
requested to be present.

Edwin Richards of this village,
in company with his wife and
daughter May, have been in Chi-
cago during the past week on a visit.

A. Chinn returned from Iowa last
week with a number of fine cows
which he will put up at auction, on
the coming Friday at his residence.

J. C. James & Son are agents for
the Steck, Conway & Colby, Farrand
& Vatey, Reed & Sons and the Jew-
et & Co. Pianos & Organs. Give them
a call.

At a meeting of Lotus Camp M.
W. A. Monday evening, George Grice
was elected a delegate to attend the
meeting of the Head Camp to be held
at Springfield, Ill., Nov. 11th to 16th.

The Republican rally of last Thurs-
day evening was quite largely at-
tended. Nothing was said there how-
ever, that would have a tendency to
change the political belief of their
sturdy opponents.

The surprise party given on Miss
Lelia Williams, at her home in this
village, was a very pleasant event.
All in attendance enjoyed themselves
immensely and only regretted that
the evening passed so quickly away.

The Wisconsin Central will sell
excursion tickets to Chicago and re-
turn on account of the Horse Show
at 1 1/2 fare plus 50 cents for admis-
sion ticket, Oct. 31st, Nov. 1st 3d, 4th,
5th, 6, 7, and 8th, tickets limited to
five days from date of sale.

The Wisconsin Central will sell
excursion tickets to Chicago and re-
turn on account of the American
Fat Stock Show at 1 1/2 fare, plus 50
cents for admission ticket, on Nov.
12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21st, and
22d, tickets limited to five days from
date of sale.

The Ladies Social Society will
give a Corn Social at Rogers Hall
Saturday evening Nov. 8, 1890. A
program will be arranged, from 8
o'clock till nine, consisting of read-
ing, singing, speaking etc. We cor-
dially invite everybody to attend.
The proceeds will go towards a new
Bible for the Pulpit of the M. E.
church. Supper will be served from
5:30 to 9:30. Supper 25 cents.
Punkin pie extra.

Mr. H. Kiddle, of Richmond Ill.,
was a caller at our office on Tuesday
last.

Miss Shaffer made a trip to Chic-
ago on Monday last and returned
with a complete and elegant stock
of millinery which is now open for
inspection at her Millinery depart-
ment in C. O. Foltz's store.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The pile driver is being repaired.
L. C. Dorsett has returned from
Dakota.

There are over a hundred men and
teams at work on the Starch Factory.

There is a large force of men at
work on the Mortar Works, also on
the Safe and Lock Factory.

The Misses Bator of Millburn
spent Sunday in Waukegan with
their Aunt Mrs. James Low.

The Chicago & Northwestern side
track to the Starch Factory is nearly
completed.

The Slyfield block on Washington
is up to the third story.

The new house of Mayor Hutch-
inson is nearly completed.

Hon. C. A. Partridge is the pop-
ular man for representative, in Wau-
kegan.

States Attorney Heydecker has
returned from the East and is look-
ing refreshed. His office has been
newly and neatly refurnished and
callers are always cheerfully receiv-
ed.

Judge Bloeggett is at Peoria hold-
ing a session of the United States
District Court.

Ex-Alderman Rawls has returned
from Iowa and has purchased two
new houses of J. F. Powell on County
St.

T. P. O'Brien is the resident super-
intendent of the electric light works.
Geo. Minkler is engineer.

The Methodist society gave a re-
ception to their pastor, Rev. Pate.
There was a large attendance.

A horse thief that stole a horse
near Waukegan was captured near
this city.

Judge Blodgett's farm was not
sold as reported.

G. W. Price's residence on Grand
Avenue is undergoing repairs. He
with his family will occupy it.

W. H. Dow's planing mill, which
was purchased by the Elgin, Joliet &
Eastern R. R. Co. is being torn
down.

There will be an amateur theatri-
cal, "Above the Clouds" at the Opera
House next Saturday evening.

The handsome house on the cor-
ner of Madison and West streets,
has been sold by A. S. Sherman, to
John Sutherland for \$4,500.

Geo. Lyon has bought of Francis
L. Patrick for \$8,000, twenty acres
at the south-west corner of Glen
Flora and North Avenues.

E. W. Hutchins has bought from
M. H. Holdridge for \$2,500, part of
his property on North Avenue.

The Republican rally at the Opera
House Monday evening was largely
attended. Hon. C. A. Partridge and
Hon. A. J. Hopkins addressed the
meeting.

Albert Brown purchased of Pat-
rick McEnter for \$1,025 property
on Franklin street, opposite the
North School. He disposed of part
of it to Emily Matteson, for \$800.

Preparations are being made for
a grand ball to be given at the
Opera House, Monday evening Nov.
3rd in honor of establishing the
electric light system in this city.
The hall will be brilliantly lighted
by electricity on that occasion.

The Blackbirds Last Political Shot.

Next Tuesday is election,
Then of ill-weather we will choose,
Some will win, others will lose.
Democrats have Donnelly—
Who says he is on the right line;
Yes, there is March, who has made a lurch
Will run behind time.
The Republicans have Partridge—
The boy drummer;
Some call him a political hummer.
Southworth I do not know—
But into office he is sure to go.
Of the other, what shall I say then?
Only that he is sure to win.
Oh Democrats how unwise,
Republicans will take the prize
While you are blackening each other's eyes.
In our County for a Judge
We have Francis, who takes no chances,
He assaults on the right, left and center—
Into Judgeship he's sure to enter.
Then we have a Soule,
Who as a material whole
To the Republicans is loyal and true,
And says Democrats I will not go with you.
For there is Clark
Who rises as a lark—
Against him I will not bark.
Then there is Lew,
To the people, he is loyal and true;
Let Dorsett alone and he will come home
Like Mary's little lamb wagging all candidates
behind him.
The Republicans have Dighton
the Granger,
To him I am a stranger.
The Independents have Conrad
Who is not bad
Says he must sleep in the County manger.
Now dear people
Go ahead and cast your vote
If you read your coat.
There is our treasurer,
Who has lining without measure.
Now the truth must be told
He wants to jingle the County Gold,
The wire and ring pulling is laid—
You dear voters are played.
For into office some ride
Others slide;
Others say I ought to win,
Vain hope, how thin.
In either case it takes the "tin."
Now dear "Grangers" go to the polls,
Vote early, vote often—
Let some one lead you by the nose.
For that's the way election goes.
The editor is not responsible for the above,
don't shoot him.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor
as follows:

| NORTH. | | SOUTH. | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| No. 1, 12:45 a. m. | No. 2, 4:52 a. m. | No. 1, 12:45 a. m. | No. 2, 4:52 a. m. |
| No. 3, 10:30 P. M. | No. 4, 7:45 P. M. | No. 3, 10:30 P. M. | No. 4, 7:45 P. M. |
| No. 5, 5:11 P. M. | No. 6, 11:57 a. m. | No. 5, 5:11 P. M. | No. 6, 11:57 a. m. |
| No. 7, 10:14 a. m. | No. 8, 6:30 P. M. | No. 7, 10:14 a. m. | No. 8, 6:30 P. M. |
| No. 9, 7:50 P. M. | No. 10, 7:20 a. m. | No. 9, 7:50 P. M. | No. 10, 7:20 a. m. |

TREVOR, WIS.

We had quite a freeze last Sun-
day night.

Mrs. Ripley of Salem paid Mrs.
Graves a visit Monday.

Mr. Curtis has a car load of lum-
ber for sale at the depot.

N. Crowley is on the gain and is
able to be out on pleasant days.

S. A. Dillman took in Chicago last
Saturday and came home Sunday.

Twenty-five guests took dinner
at the Cleveland House Wednesday.

Miss Carrie Graves visited her
brother at Antioch, Saturday and
Sunday.

J. U. Howard is still in the mark-
et for wool and is receiving today
another big car load.

Miss Katy Brick made a pleasant
visit at Mr. Barhyte's on her return
to Wheeling last Wednesday.

Mr. Cole has recently been visit-
ing at Colby. He reports a good
crop of potatoes in that vicinity.

The bridge carpenters are at work
on the Wis. Cent. R. R. strength-
ening all the bridges along the line.

There will be a large quantity of
wool taken in at Trevor on Friday
of this week. D. C. Stewart is still
in the market.

Mr. Graves has improved the ap-
pearance of Mrs. Havens' dwelling
house by putting on a new coat of
shingles last week.

The butter factory is getting quite
a good supply of milk and will make
a statement next month of the quan-
tity and quality of each patron's
milk. A pretty good idea.

Capt. John Tuttle and family left
for Burlington, Vermont, last Mon-
day morning for the benefit of their
health, both of them being badly
afflicted with rheumatism. They are
going to try the merits of a hospital.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Mr. Harve Smith is on the sick
list.

Miss Lucia Minnis of Kenosha
spent Sunday at her home in Salem.

Mrs. R. Smith and Mrs. Hartnell
returned from their trip to Nebraska
Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilkinson
returned from their trip to California
last week.

Mr. Will Sheen and family and
Mrs. Jones of Paris visited at Mr.
Rob Dixon's Saturday.

Mr. Edd Sherman disposed of his
car load of potatoes at Silver Lake
and says he thinks he could sell as
many more.

Quite a number of our farmers
sold their wool last week. Prices
ranged from twenty-seven to thirty
cents a pound.

Mr. Harvey Harding of Washing-
ton joined his wife and family at
Mr. W. V. Cull's Saturday where
they intend to make a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Silvernail en-
tertained quite a large company at
their home on Sunday, in celebration
of Mrs. Silvernail's forty fifth birth-
day.

Lake Villa.

The oyster supper at H. Thackers
was a great success. They took in
a little over \$25. The art gallery
was beautiful, and much praise is
due the ladies who got it up.

Jessie Mead, son of Thomas Mead
of Avon, came to Lake Villa on last
Friday evening and tied his horse to
a post in front of the Post-office.
By some means or other the horse
got on top of the post and got hurt
so bad that they had to kill it. The
horse was a valuable one and cost
Mr. Mead \$140 a short while ago.

We are happy to say that Mr.
Potter is on the gain although very
slowly.

John Darby is talking of going to
College this winter and Mr. C. Dar-
by will probably have an auction
soon.

William Corkell and family have
moved to Chicago. Good bye Billy.

West Gray has left Mr. Gail's
house and moved into the William
Corkell house.

Mr. Thacker will move from Lake
Villa as soon as he finds a suitable
place.

Our boot and shoe maker is kept
busy nearly all the time. His wife
and family came from the old coun-
try a short time ago.

Frank Boutwell and wife are off
on a vacation of two or three weeks.

We think it would be well for
our School directors to see that
those children who are running
around the streets are kept at school.
Gentlemen it is your duty. Look at
your law book, you can find it there.

Oh that slop shop! Boys beware
of it, and keep away from it.
A WELL WISHER.

CAMP LAKE.

Miss Hattie Yaw spent last week
in Chicago.

Miss Mary Gallagher is visiting
in the city.

Mr. Thomas Gallagher is home.

Mr. Noah Yaw and daughter are
visiting relatives in Wauconda.

Dr. Dichtenberg and family have
returned to Chicago for the winter.

Miss Eliza Mc Ginty visited friends
here last week.

A LUCKY LADY.

MEAN, Tenn., Sep. 23rd.
Mrs. G. W. Combs, of Humbolt, Tenn.,
a former resident of this place, has re-

cently fallen heir to half a million dollars
left by her Scotch grandfather. She has
forwarded proof of her relationship to
the lawyers and will receive her inheri-
tance to-day. —Evening Mail and Express,
New York, Sep. 23rd, 1890.

We are Mrs. Combs' lawyers and by
her seeing our advertisement became the
agents of her good fortune. We have a
number of similar claims in our hands
and expect to gain them. If your ances-
tors came from the old country, write us
and inclose 25 cents for reply. There are
more than half a billion dollars in Great
Britain alone, unclaimed, which rightly
belong to people in the United States.
EUROPEAN CLAIMS AGENCY,
60 Pearl Street, New York.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned being about to give
up farming will sell at Public Auction,
at the Tecker farm, 2 1/2 miles South-west
of Antioch village, on

MONDAY NOVEMBER 3d, 1890,
at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property:
8 Cows, 1 yearling bull, 1 two-year-old
heifer, 1 span matched grays, 4 & 5 years
old, 1 Prince colt, 2 years old, 2 weanling
colts, 6 fattening hogs, 2 brood sows with
18 pigs, 2 brood sows, 1 boar, 14 small
sheats, A lot of poultry, 300 bushels of
oats, 75 bushels of barley, 300 bushels of
corn, 30 tons of tame hay, A lot of corn
fodder, 1 sod plow, 1 set new drags, 1 sul-
ky cultivator, 1 set new bob sleighs, 1
Cook Stove, 1 heating stove, 1 barrel
churn, 1 extension table, Bed-stands and
chairs.

TERMS:—Sums of \$10 or under cash,
over \$10 one year time at 6 per cent, on
approved notes. ROBERT TRIEGER,
Walter White, Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned having rented part
of his farm, will sell at Public Auction,
at his residence 1 1/2 miles north of Anti-
och, and 1 mile south of Barnard's cor-
ners, on

MONDAY NOVEMBER 10th, 1890,
at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property:
25 Cows, nearly all Winter milchers,
1 bay team, weight 2,500 lbs., 4 and 5
years old, 1 colt, coming three years old,
1 horse 12 years old, also a quantity of
Clover seed.

TERMS:—Sums of \$10 or under, cash,
over \$10 one year time on approved
notes at 6 per cent. W. J. VAN'DUZER,
A. Chinn, Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE.

A. Chinn will sell at Public Auction,
at his residence, in the town of Antioch,
1 mile South-west of Antioch village on
FRIDAY OCT. 31, 1890

at 10 o'clock, a. m. the following prop-
erty to-wit:

40 COWS,
Consisting of 10 new milch cows with
calves by their side, 15 Springers, and
15 Winter and Spring cows, also 1 two-
year-old half Clyde colt, 1 three-year-old
horse, broke single and double, 1 three-
year-old mare.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.
TERMS OF SALE: Six months time will
be given on approved notes, without
interest. A. CHINN, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A farm for sale or rent, located in the
town of Antioch, County of Lake, and
State of Illinois, one and one half miles
from Lake Villa station, one and one half
miles from Fox Lake and adjoining a dis-
trict School House. Time will be given
purchaser if required. Apply to T. R.
Crane, 149 North May Street, Chicago, or
Thomas Wilton, Antioch, Ill.

BRAN, MIDDLINGS,

-AND-

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES.

CHRISTIAN BRO'S, MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

—FOR SALE—

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

DON'T GO TO CONGRESS.

UNLESS YOU HAVE LOTS OF MONEY.

Washington is an expensive city and members are forced—The President of the Chamber of Commerce has a warning.

To the country constituent, to whom a \$10 bill is a semi-occasional possession, his congressman's salary of \$5,000 a year seems actual wealth; a munificent income on which he ought not only to fare sumptuously every day and be clothed in fine linen, but also save money. To the congressman himself at Washington, obliged to "keep up his end" among men to whom \$5,000 means decent poverty, with unexpected expenses cropping up on every hand, with landlords, boarding house keepers, tradesmen and caterers of all kinds regarding him as their legitimate prey, the said salary is apt to prove an uncomfortable inelastic quantity.

Living in Washington, *per se*, is perhaps cheaper than in any other city north of the Potomac. Rents, except in the fashionable quarter, are not high; provisions, especially meat, fish and green vegetables, are cheaper than in either New York or Philadelphia, and servants' wages outside the select circle, who consider themselves reserved for senators and members of the cabinet, are 20 per cent lower. The department clerk who is not responsible to society, with a capital account, can take a pretty house in the suburbs within easy reach of the street cars and live in comfort inside his salary of \$1,800 a year; the congressman, on the contrary, is more or less fettered by the exigencies of his position, and finds any such living forbidden by the law of "noblesse oblige."

The congressman who brings his family to Washington has need to have a wife who is a practical economist, unless, indeed, he is a man of means outside of his salary. The rent of a good house in an eligible neighborhood ranges from \$125 per month to ten times that amount, or more for very elegant quarters; unfurnished, if you do not insist upon a swell neighborhood, you may get as low as \$65; still, \$200 is not an unusual price, and some desirable residences are leased at fancy figures.

Fairly good board in a respectable boarding house may be had from \$10 to \$20 a week, but, as already said, congressmen are generally expected to pay more than other people. Half the advertisements of rooms and board say "member preferred," and the presence of such a one is supposed to give social status to his dwelling place. The least expensive mode of living is to take a suite of rooms and get one's meals outside, provided, of course, the one is unincumbered with womankind. The cost at a swell hotel is enormous.

If there be a wife and daughters they must perforce, be well dressed and always make an appearance creditable to the husband and father. Moreover, the question of carriage hire is an important one. Washington is the city of magnificent distances, and to pay the numerous calls which are obligatory upon the wife of every member of congress a carriage is an absolute necessity.

The item of postage is a still more serious one. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, who never neglects to answer even a postal card, probably spends hundreds of dollars a year on postage, from 50 cents to \$1 a day is an ordinary average during the actual session of congress.

"I believe everybody who ever heard of me writes to me about something or other. It is all I and my secretary can do to answer the letters that absolutely require replies. I have been out of town for three days, and here are those which are waiting for my signature." The speaker was a western senator and as he spoke he held out what looked like the manuscript of a typewritten novel. In fact, more than one of the wealthier senators hands over his salary to a confidential private secretary, who takes charge of his correspondence and plays the agreeable to the people who are constantly calling to see him on some pretext or other, and who would easily absorb all his leisure and more. The constituents are themselves a considerable source of expense increasing in direct ratio to the proximity of the member's district to the capital.

His fellow townsman who runs short in Washington invariably comes to him to borrow \$5 or \$10, which he not infrequently forgets to return, and be he a man of any prominence he gets almost as many begging letters as Geo. W. Childs.

Two Sides of Traveling. Like everything else in this world, traveling has two sides. There is the side presented when one is young and blooming and wears a Tam O'Shanter cap, and there is the side presented when one is old and wrinkled and rides in an emigrant car. The same motive power propels both, and yet heaven and earth are not farther apart than the pretty girl in the Tam O'Shanter and the worn and weary woman in the emigrant car. The one flaps the frills of life away as easily as she brushes the dirt from her dress, the other carries them as close to her heart as she folds her puny babies and knows no difference in the intimate

companionship of either. During my recent trip to the east I went and sat down for an hour in the emigrant car, just to see how it seemed, and I saw a phase of life that set me to thinking and made me sad. It is not wealth alone that makes the difference between the smooth-faced and happy girl in the Pullman train and the wrinkled and dim-eyed woman in the second-class car. The one was labeled a rose from the start and set to grow on a sunny terrace; the other never was labeled, but sprang up like Timothy weed in stony places, to be browsed by cattle and crushed by wheels, nipped by frost and cut back whenever it attained an upward growth. What wonder that the one developed fragrance and beauty and the other premature blight and unsightliness!—Chicago Tribune.

CALIFORNIA CORK TREES.

The Forest Trees Are Already Promising Large and Profitable Production.

The available forests of cork trees are already relatively extensive, although hardly sufficient to supply the demands now made on them, or which, as the world grows in prosperity, must be made on them, for there is hardly any end to the uses for cork, and none of the substitutes for it which have yet been tried are very satisfactory or promise to take its place to any great extent.

The cork oak is an interesting tree to Americans, as its cultivation now seems destined to become an important industry in California, where the climate and the soil in many parts of the state are admirably suited to produce it. This is not a mere theory, as trees have been growing now for several years in California, and have already produced crops of cork of excellent quality. It is probable that the tree will grow rather more rapidly in California than it does in its native country, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, although the quality of the soil, the exposure in which the trees are placed, local climate and the treatment which the trees receive will influence, of course, the rapidity with which the bark is developed.

The Partridge. As beats the sun from the mountain crest With "pretty, pretty," Cometh the partridge from her nest; The flowers throw sweet kisses to her (For all the flowers that bloomed know her).

Yet hasteneth she to mine and me— Ah! pretty, pretty! Ah! dear little partridge! And when I hear the partridge cry So pretty, so pretty, Upon the house-top breakfast I; She comes a-chirping far and wide, And swinging from the mountain side— I see and hear the dainty deer!

Ah! pretty, pretty! Ah! dear little partridge! The nest's inland with posies rare And pretty, pretty; Bloom violet, rose and lily there; The place is full of balmy dew (The tears of flowers in love with you), And one and all impassioned call: "O pretty, pretty— O dear little partridge!"

Thy feathers they are soft and sleek— So pretty, pretty, pretty; Long is thy neck and small thy beak; The color of thy plumage rare More bright than rainbow colors are! Sweeter than dove is she I love— My pretty, pretty— My dear little partridge!

When comes the partridge from the tree So pretty, pretty, And sings her little hymn to me, Why, all the world is cheered thereby— The heart leaps up into the eye, And echo then gives back again Our "Pretty, pretty— Our 'Dear little partridge!'"

Admitting the most blessed of all, And pretty, pretty, The birds come with thee at thy call; In flocks they come and round thee play, And this is what they seem to say: They say and sing, each feathered thing: "Ah, pretty, pretty! Ah, dear little partridge!" —Eugene Field.

Eying Her First Shirts.

"Good morning, madam!" "I wish to see some men's shirts." "For yourself?" "Men's shirts." "For your brother?" "The size is thirteen and a half." "Young man?" "About my age." "Of course I would not dare—" "Nineteen." "What kind of a shirt does your brother want?" "Oh, something that sets up well around the neck—something jaunty." "Jaunty? For your brother?" "I know what I want—I mean, what he wants." "I think this chevrot will about fit him." "You guarantee this fit?" "Well, if you would like to, that is, if your brother would like to try it on—why—" "Wrap it up!" "Anything else?" "Yes, a four-in-hand—blue." "How does this strike you?" "Do you think it would go well with this dress?" "Ah!" "Pshaw!" [Exit.]

Fried Human Food.

Fried fishballs or the brown bread and baked beans of New England are found to contain nearly the right proportion of nutriment required to maintain an adult workman in proper condition, according to Volstead's

SOLDIERS IN BOLIVIA.

AN ARMY WITH AS MANY OFFICERS AS MEN.

Uniforms of Varied Hues—The Story Told of the "Discipline" of General Melgarejo, an Original and Fearless Character—Thieves of High Degree.

In the Bolivian army a great variety of uniform is noticeable, each officer having apparently been allowed to exercise his own taste in the equipment of his company, and amazingly have their individual fancies swung out in the matter of personal adornment. There are suits in gray and gold, in black and gold, in blue and gold, in blue and red, in black and blue, in gray and in black; others all red, all gray, all blue; and caps of various shapes and colors in the same regiment. Some of the officers wear long double-breasted overcoats of scarlet cloth, others gray cloaks not unlike those of Franciscan friars, and others the graceful satin-lined circulars of black broadcloth characteristic of Spanish *lil-dalgos*. The "President's Guards," whom we see careering about the city in gorgeous array, are, of course, the crack regiment—in dress and demeanor as far removed as the antipodes from the shabby, bare-footed common soldiers. The officers make the finest display, the officers on powerful white horses, 1000 men clad in scarlet from top to toe, and riding as only South Americans can.

Without disparaging the valor of Bolivian soldiers, their general get-up reminds one of an historic incident which may perhaps illustrate their character. It was many years ago, in some fringes between Peru and Bolivia, when the armies of the two countries rushed forth to battle with banners flying. So splendidly arrayed were they and so stunning an appearance did they make that when one beheld the other both sides turned tail and fled in confusion. Gathering courage at length the rival generals, with such men as they could rally, returned to face one another, keeping at respectful distance and talking through trumpets; when, after considerable parleying, the war was declared "off," both armies marched home in triumph with flags unfurled, and to this day the local historians of both countries chronicle their side as victorious.

In connection with the difficulty of placing Bolivia's soldiers according to their uniform, it may be mentioned that her armies are composed of about as many officers as men. From time immemorial it has been the object of ruling powers to render the military loyal to the government, through pride of self-interest, if not from patriotism. Thus we see corporals flourishing about in togery of colonels, with pay to correspond; and the leader of one of the bands wears the full uniform of a general and receives the honors and emoluments pertaining to the latter position.

One of the most distinguished warriors Bolivia has produced was General Melgarejo, who appears to have been as original in character as he was fearless and determined. Evidently he was designed for those feudal times that have long gone by, and his methods would not be tolerated to-day in any civilized land. At one time he lived in the big house at the northeast corner of the central plaza of La Paz, which is now the residence of the Bishop. He was extremely fond of "the rosy," which, in his case, not only cheered but incited. One day when he had been entertaining a foreign minister, and had imbibed considerably more than was prudent, he boasted that his troops were the best drilled in the world, and absolutely infallible in the accuracy of their movements. The statement being received by the guest with polite incredulity, Melgarejo ordered up a company to drill in the patio of his house. After many curious and before unheard of evolutions, he formed them single file and marched them up into the second story front room where the minister and himself had lately breakfasted, opened a window directly in front of the line and gave the order "March!" Having no order to halt, every man, recounted as he was, stalked straight through the window and off the balcony, a drop of fifteen feet or more, to the curbing below. A lot of broken bones was the consequence, but the General's "discipline" was proved beyond cavil, the unfortunate soldiers knowing that to falter or to disobey meant instant death.

As further illustration of a phase of life in Bolivia, it may be delicately hinted that while the poor Indians are notorious for stealing small things—never under any stress of temptation or opportunity taking articles of value—the *Cholos*, and even some members of the so-called "best society" are great thieves. At public balls and private parties the *Cholos* must be secretly watched; and in spite of all precautions it frequently happens that spoons, napkins and costly bric-a-brac are surreptitiously appropriated. Not long ago a young man, who is prominent in the highest circle of society here had a valuable diamond pin stolen. He was certain who the thief was, but said nothing about his loss. At the very next ball he beheld his diamond blazing on the shirt front of the gentleman whom he had suspected, when he walked up to him, partner on arm, and without any attempt at privacy said to him: "You have my diamond pin,

sonor; I will thank you for it." "Oh, well," nonchalantly remarked the thief, "it's all right; I'll return it to-morrow." And he did.

What a contrast to these trifling people was Bolivar, the man who freed them. He was very wealthy at one time, but instead of sitting down, as he might have done, and quietly enjoying himself in his beloved Venezuela he spent nearly all his money in the service of his country. Once when a million of dollars was presented to him as a token of gratitude he purchased with it the liberty of a thousand slaves and established each one of them on a little farm of his own. At Caracas and at Lima are splendid monuments erected to his memory; yet he died in exile, actually in want of the necessities of life.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

Wanted Her Teeth Pulled Without Any Charge for Sympathy.

She was a mature woman, with high cheek bones, a dappled face and red hair. Flinging aside her bonnet she got up in the dentist's chair, leaned her head back, opened her mouth, and pointed to a tooth on the lower jaw.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter with that grinder," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist, in a sympathizing tone. "Has it been hurting you long?"

"Who said it had been hurting me?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred—"

"Well, you don't need to infer anything. If you're ready to look at that grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my mouth again."

"The tooth, madam," he said after a brief examination, "is a mere shell. I regret—"

"What occasion is there for you to regret anything? Whose grinder is it?"

"I was going to say it is late to save the tooth. It is too far gone. If it's troubling you any it will have to come out."

"Well, that's what I'm here for."

"It will be hard to get hold of with the forceps and I'm sorry to say it will hurt—"

"Does it hurt you to pull a customer's tooth?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but—"

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry. I am here on business. I don't need any sympathy. Yank it out!"

The thoroughly humbled tooth artist wasted no more words. He produced a pair of ugly looking forceps and extracted the offending molar without delay.

"What's your bill?" inquired the woman.

"Fifty cents."

"That's the regular price, is it? You're not charging anything for sympathy?"

"It is the regular price, madam."

"Here's the money. Good day!"

After she had gone out of his office the dentist went and sat down by the front window to rest. "If I had that woman's nerve," he said to himself, as he watched her striding down the street, "I could be an alderman and own a whole ward in less than three months."

The Same Old Story.

The editor opened the letter, and his brow with dew was damp; There was the regular postage And a special delivery stamp "There must be money within it." He thought, ere he looked it through, But his eyes grew wide when the card in side

Said simply: "Your box rent's due!"

Sure.

The man who is contented to idly stand, Nor strive his hopes to gain, Will get a ticket to the promised land And then will miss the train.

How to Escape Malaria.

"You people who are afraid of malaria—and it is a good complaint to be afraid of—have some strange ideas about the disease," said a physician.

"You think that if you climb a mountain and build there, or that if you live on the slope of a hill where the drainage is perfect, you are safe. Then counting on this you sit around in the evening air with no covering on your head, or you sleep with a window so near the head of your bed that a current of damp air blows over you all night. Finest way in the world to catch malaria. Personally, I believe that if I had only two chances—one of living in the center of a salt marsh, and the other of living one mile from the edge of the marsh on sloping ground, I should take the marsh every time. I admit, however, that there are very many people who do not agree with this opinion. But to come back to our first proposition—cover your head when you are out of doors after dark, no matter how mild the air seems."—N. Y. Tribune.

What Is Wanted.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, and he has a little round box in his hand!

Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?

Little Dot (after a glance at the organ grinder)—I guess he wants to borrow some soap.

Mahogany at Home.

Now for a mahogany hair craze. We have canary blondes, copper brunettes and champagne and gold mediums, but a new classification will be needed when the girl with the mahogany hair arrives.—New York World.

THE BONANZA KING.

A Sketch of the Richest Man on Earth—His Personality and His Fortune.

There is no absolute proof that J.W. Mackay is not the richest man in the world. In appearance he has slightly changed since he was painted by Alexander Cabanel. His mustache has been cropped. "But," says he, "it will grow to full length in a few days." There are some lines of age struggling for space on his typical Irish face, but his native constitution is quite stubborn and resents such attempted innovations. He was born with a prospective gold nugget in his mouth. The partition took place on the 29th day of November, 1831, in Dublin, where he was educated. He arrived in the United States during 1850, and secured employment in a commercial house. He has never quite discarded his brogue, notwithstanding his forty years' residence at home and abroad; but his bearing represents the polish of the several metropolises of the world.

The gold fever, which lured so many either to dazzling fortune or destruction, ensnared him within two years after his arrival at Boston. His career of promise dates from his appearance at the mines near Dewineville, in Sierra county, Cal. He was then a handsome youngster, of fine form and apt repartee. Although his early efforts at mining were not brilliant, his energetic advances for the heart of beauty soon won for him the hand of the daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Mungerford. Few men succeed in life prior to the ceremony at the altar. In right union is strength. In this case union was strength for each. Mrs. Mackay has since acquired one of the most enviable social and one of the most enviable financial positions in the world.

The Comstock Lode was his magnet. He hastened to Washoe on the announcement of its richness, and there worked in the capacity of a miner until he had saved sufficient money for an investment. His first venture was the Keatuck Mine at Gold Hill, where, during several years' hard work he acquired valuable knowledge of lodes. It was during 1869-70 that he first attracted the attention of the world. Combining with James G. Fair, he contracted to develop the Hale and Norcross Mine which had lapsed from a dividend to an assessment producer. He and partner, educated in the intricacies of metallurgy and formations, believed in the property, combined with Messrs. Flood and O'Brien, and purchased it, or at least a control, for the sum of \$80,000. It is well to note the point in this sentence, that the Hale and Norcross was an assessment mine when he took hold of it. Popular error has credited him with depressing the value of this property while foreman of it until its owners were glad to dispose of it at any price. On the contrary, its owners had practically abandoned it, refused to believe in its potential wealth and had failed in part to subscribe for its maintenance. It was then that the tide of his affairs came in. He had faith in the mine, based on his knowledge of lodes. He took the tide at its seeming ebb and was swept on to fortune. The mines in which he has been interested have produced \$160,000,000, of which he got the lion's share.

His family seem to have preferred Paris for residence since the birth of his great wealth, and occupy a palace at 9 Rue de Tilsit. In London they possess another palatial establishment at 7 Buckingham Gate. His greatest enterprise is the Commercial cables, in which he is associated with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Next in importance is the Nevada Bank. Besides these, he is still one of the largest of mine-owners, and is heavily interested in the Southern Pacific Railway.

The Mackays have long been noted for their large charitable investments. Miss Mackay married into one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Italy, the Colonas.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult among Mohammedans.

On Earth Four Times.

A Boston young lady, a fledgeling member of the Theosophical Society, has satisfied herself that she has passed through four reincarnations. The first time of which she has any record she was incarnated in a noted Egyptian king. It is not every Boston lady that will admit that she has been on earth four times.—Fibre and Fabric.

Now that winter will soon be here, we advise young men to make preparations to attend some good school during the winter months. Many young men are securing a business education which fits them for getting on in the world. We know of no better school to attend than the Metropolitan Business College, corner Monroe St. and Michigan Ave., City. This college has a wide reputation and is doing a great work. It has a faculty of 16 professors and an attendance of 500 students. The principal, Mr. O. M. Powers, is a thorough-going business man, and the college is a live school.

CHICAGO ATHENAEUM.

The People's College—48-54 Dearborn Street.

Twentieth year. Fall term opens Sept. 1st. Business and Academic Departments. The leading *Manson* Shorthand School in the West. The best endorsement of the Athenaeum is from its own pupils, past and present. Evening classes five evenings a week. All common English branches are taught. School of Architectural and Mechanical drawing, higher Mathematics, Physics, Rhetoric, Elocution, Book-Keeping, Penmanship, Language, Literature, Instrumental and Vocal Music. The Athenaeum maintains the most Gymnasium in the city and also a choice Library. Sent to Superintendent for catalogue.

N. B.—A spacious and elegant building for the permanent home of the Athenaeum, next to the Art Institute on Van Buren St., will be open in January next.

EYES OF THE OCULIST.

Examined and Treated by the EYE & EAR INSTITUTION.

Patented. "Julia," quivered her bushy lover, "why do you wear such a large button on your waist belt?" "You press the button," said Julia, "and I'll do the rest."

The schoolboys of the country are opposed to the switchmen's strike.

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

No Pain, No Danger, No Harm.

The Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute, New York, and 22 & 23 Inter Ocean Building, Chicago, cor. Dearborn and Madison, make a specialty of Extracting Teeth Without Pain. The most nervous persons and those troubled with heart disease are successfully operated upon. 100,000 patients without a serious accident. Over 20 years' active practice. Inter Ocean Building, Chicago.

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Waverly Hotels.

—AND—

Temperance Coffee Houses.

202 Clark Street and Lake and Clark Streets —OYSTERS—

Stewed Oysters.....120
One Doz. RAW.....120
One-half Doz. Fried.....120
Oyster Fatty.....50

The Northwestern Dental College

202 State St., Cor. Adams, Opposite The Fair.

LOUIS E. IRELAND, M. D. S., D. D. S., Sup't. Teeth without pain. Finest Fillings and plates. All work the very best. Guaranteed 5 years. Free, small charge being made for cost of material.

WIVES.

Should know how child bearing can be effected without pain or danger and cure their ill. Send for a free information. A wonderful discovery.

Dr. J. B. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. Cross, Lake Wales, Fla. Reading matter and State Map 10c each.

WILSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER!

Is giving away a Fine Photo Crayon Portrait With every dozen cabinet cards at \$2.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sundays. Cloudy weather good as sunshine. Studio, 289 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address: JAMES TANNEN, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

KOHL & MIDDLETON'S

South Side, Clark St.

DIME MUSEUM

Opening of our Fall Season has commenced. Daily from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. We introduce our popular, funny, and amusing STAGE SHOWS

EVERY HOUR. New Wonders, New Acts, New Faces, New Fun that can be seen and appreciated by ALL AT

KOHL & MIDDLETON'S 10c PLEASURE PALACE.

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Cures in from 1 to 5 days without pain, causes no irritation, a positive cure guaranteed. Made of fruit. Put up in solid or liquid form, can be taken in the form of a pill, has no taste. Price \$1.00. For sale by all druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Soberly priced. Address THE BANCKOKO CO., 528 W. Indiana St., Chicago.

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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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359 West Park Street, Chicago, Ill.

Costs 15c. Put 15c. a box. Write for testimonials.



NEWS OF THE WEEK

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

12W. V. Preston was found dead in his bed at hotel in Pueblo, Col. Disappointment in love caused him to drink quite heavily of late, and the doctors think it a case of suicide by pure alcohol. He told his roommate that he would not bother him much longer. A paper was found in his pocket stating that he had a brother in Vinton, Ia.

Ensign Rimmer of the United States steamship Swatara was accidentally drowned at Yokohama.

The Hudson river showed the highest tide in forty years. The brick-yards suffered enormously. Millions of bricks are lost. The yards between Roseton and Albany are submerged. It is estimated that 1,000,000 bricks have been lost in the Kingston district. Green kilns were thrown down and the brick underneath sheds were washed away.

The great water-works standpipes at Temple, Tenn., containing 250,000 gallons of water burst and the entire town was flooded.

Alfred Arndt dropped dead while seated at the breakfast table with his family in Chicago.

Charles McGraw, a laborer, was run down by a Fort Wayne engine in Chicago. He was fatally injured and taken to a hospital.

John Sheehy fell from his wagon at the Pan-Handle freight depot in Chicago and received serious internal injuries.

Simon Fritz, alias John Racla, and John Foutik, alias John Pfeiffer, both of Chicago, and well-known counterfeiters, were convicted of counterfeiting in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The little village of Stillwater, Luzerne county, Pa., composed of a planing mill, butcher shop, and thirteen dwelling houses, was wiped out by fire.

Mrs. Kate O'Connor, the seventh victim of the Leland Hotel fire at Syracuse, has died.

Mrs. Mary Dalmer, an aged lady of Lebanon, Pa., was beaten by masked men, and it is thought she will die.

John Fox, the man who threw vitriol in the face of his wife in Chicago, was put under \$5,000 bond for his appearance for trial.

Henry Schmager, a butcher of La Salle, Ill., committed suicide by hanging himself.

John Williamson, Ora W. Smith, and Mrs. Nichols, of the large Wahnapitae were drowned near the breakwater at Cleveland, O. The barge which was worth \$25,000, was wrecked by the heavy northeaster raging on Lake Erie.

Fifteen armed men burned down the buildings of L. B. Varney in Coffee county, Ga., because of his supposed participation in the late riot. Gov. Gordon has called out the militia.

Iron crow-bars were the weapons used in a duel fought in New York between Joseph Wood and Carl Burg. The battle was ended only when both men sank to the ground, each with a fractured skull. The fight took place in a blacksmith shop. The cause is unknown.

A party of 200 Poles, while attempting to reach Prussian territory, with the intention of emigrating to Brazil, was fired upon by the Russian frontier guard, whose order to return had been disobeyed by the Poles. Six men, two women, and one child were killed.

A telegram from Montreal asking for the arrest of two girls having been received at Toronto, Ont., an officer met the train and took in custody an elderly woman who had in tow two young girls. From papers found in possession of the woman her profession as a procuress was established. She was bound for Chicago.

Charles Kiehl, a Brooklyn, N. Y., bank clerk, killed himself with a carving knife during a family quarrel. He came there from Chicago.

Charles Jansz, a desperate character, was shot and killed by a Patrick Burke, in South Dakota. Burke acted in self-defense.

George Williams, a negro boy 17 years old, shot and killed the five-year-old son of J. H. Robinson, white, five miles from Miller, Ga. A Sheriff's deputy started with Williams for Waynesboro, but was met by an armed mob, who took the prisoner away and, tying him to a tree, riddled him with bullets.

At Payson, Utah, the dead body of John Bolton was found sitting on his horse. His gun had discharged accidentally, as supposed, blowing half of his head off.

The body of a murdered woman was found at Southampton, London, England, with the head almost severed. The discovery has revived the "Jack the Ripper" scare.

A. L. Bancroft, a prominent citizen of Emporia, Kas., was found dead in his barn, having accidentally shot himself.

The government powder mill at Canton, China, exploded, destroying 200 houses and killing over a thousand people.

Henry Arnold was arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., on the charge of counterfeiting. His system consisted of raising \$1 bills to \$10 with pen and ink. Many of these bills have been detected, but for a long time the police have been unable to trace them to their source.

G. W. Cummings, the youthful California stage robber, has been sentenced to prison for ten years.

Pat Taylor, engineer of the ill-fated train in the tunnel wreck on the Cincinnati and Southern road, has died.

W. D. Hlgers, who cut his wife's throat near Lebanon, Tenn., killing her, committed suicide by hanging himself in the Lebanon jail.

William of Witte, Kas. Africa, has refused to surrender to British authorities, or to afford redress for the recent massacre. On the contrary, he is actively preparing for hostilities. Hundreds of natives from the surrounding tribes are adhering to his standard. Fighting is inevitable.

Four persons employed at the Quaker City dye works in Chicago were poisoned by prussic acid.

Lewis Arund, 50 years old, a carpenter in the Lake shore yards in Chicago, dropped dead in the yards.

The dead body of an inmate of the Leavenworth, Kas. Soldiers' Home named Foster was found under the bridge. It is supposed he was killed by cars.

Jacob Kleiner of Highland, Ill., was found dead in his room at a Davenport (Ia.) hotel. He blew out the gas.

While Senator J. C. Blackburn was returning home from a drive in Louisville, Ky., his horse became frightened and, running away, upset the buggy. The senator's collar-bone was broken. All his appointments to speak have been canceled.

A collision occurred between two freight-trains on the Northern Pacific, near the west end of Stansfeld Tunnel, Wash. Two men were killed.

Mot Shick, a citizen of Hartford City, Ind., died suddenly in Kankakee, Ill. It is believed he was beaten to death by a ruffian.

Frank Leonard was fatally injured in Chicago. He attempted to board a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy engine and misadvised his footing. Henry Clait was with Leonard at the time, and he also was seriously injured.

The Sheriff of Coffee county, Ga., called on Gov. Gordon for troops to suppress a riot of negroes against whites. Four men are said to have been killed.

Thomas Bowers, a hotel proprietor of Wichita, Kas., shot himself in the breast and will probably die. In a letter found in his room he stated that he had been killed twice and that was enough for him.

William E. Eaton, a young engineer who has been sick and out of work for a long time, committed suicide by shooting himself through the left lung with a revolver at the home of his parents in Chicago.

John Owens, a laborer, had his skull fractured by Joseph Brown, a street car driver in Chicago.

Joseph Blunk Jr., was fatally injured by the premature explosion of a blast in his father's quarry in Ottumwa, Ia. One arm was torn off, both eyes blown out and his head and face terribly mangled.

Fire damaged the Davis-Chambers white lead works in Pittsburgh, Pa., to the extent of \$25,000. Two firemen named Ellis and Yellon were quite seriously hurt by falling walls.

William Cronin, an employee of the Corvair elevator in Chicago, was smothered in a grain-bin.

The steamer Rainbow was burned at Cincinnati. How the fire started has not been ascertained. The vessel was undergoing repairs. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$12,000.

A murder and suicide were committed at San Antonio, Tex. Mrs. August Melhin, the handsome young wife of a railroad laborer, was shot and killed by Isaac Weiss. Weiss then placed the muzzle of the smoking revolver in his mouth and literally blew out his brains.

At Pesth, Hungary, in a duel fought with sabers, Lieut. Lazar, one of the combatants, had one of his arms severed from his body. An account of a fatal duel comes from Cronstadt. Count Marenzi, one of the duellists in this affair, received a shot wound from which he is dying.

Nicholas Wills of Palon, Ia., was ordered by a female believer in faith cure to get up from his bed on which he had lain for years. He did so, much to his own surprise, and is now to all appearances entirely cured.

A thrashing machine engine exploded near Littlefield, Minn., killing a boy named Kelly and fatally injuring A. L. Tompkins, the engineer. A dozen others were slightly injured.

Four workmen were blown to pieces in Collinston, Utah, by the premature explosion of a powder-blast.

The safe in the office of the Anheuser-Busch company at Little Rock, Ark., was blown open and \$500 stolen.

An attempt was made to lynch Narcisse Larocque, an alleged murderer, at Cumberland, Ont., but the constables finally saved the life of the prisoner.

Sgt. Charles C. Kinswater, Second United States Infantry, dropped dead of heart disease in Dubuque, Ia.

A young Englishman named Carmichael was found in an unknown Russian near Williamsport, N. D., and then escaped to Canada.

Fire broke out in the retail dry goods establishment of Frank Bros., St. Louis. The damage to the stock is \$50,000 and to the building \$50,000; fully insured. Losses sustained by adjoining firms aggregate \$5,000.

MARKET REPORT.

| CHICAGO. | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| BEVERLY-Extra 1,450,000 lbs. | \$ 5.02 1/2 |
| Good to fancy steers | 4.92 1/2 |
| Good to medium steers | 4.75 1/2 |
| Cows | 4.50 1/2 |
| Veal calves | 4.75 1/2 |
| MILK COWS-per head | 20.00 1/2 |
| SHOE-NAIVE | 3.75 1/2 |
| SHEEP-NATIVE | 3.45 1/2 |
| WHEAT-No. 2 Spring | 1.92 1/2 |
| CORN-No. 2 | 1.02 1/2 |
| COBBLER-No. 2 | 1.02 1/2 |
| POTATOES-per bushel | .55 1/2 |
| POULTRY-per bushel | .55 1/2 |
| DUCK | .55 1/2 |
| TURKEY | .55 1/2 |
| BETTER-Cheese | .55 1/2 |
| LOW GRADES | .55 1/2 |
| CHEESE-Pull Cream | .55 1/2 |
| EGGS-Fresh, per doz. | .55 1/2 |
| ST. LOUIS. | |
| BEVERLY-Choice natives | \$ 1.02 1/2 |
| WHEAT-Choice | 4.00 1/2 |
| CORN-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| COBBLER-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| WHEAT-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| COBBLER-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| MILWAUKEE. | |
| WHEAT-No. 2, Red | \$.99 1/2 |
| CORN | .45 1/2 |
| OATS | .25 1/2 |
| DETROIT. | |
| WHEAT-No. 2, Red | \$ 1.02 1/2 |
| CORN | .45 1/2 |
| OATS | .25 1/2 |
| KANSAS CITY. | |
| BEVERLY-Grain and Corn Fed. | \$ 1.02 1/2 |
| STERIL-Grain Range | 1.00 1/2 |
| WHEAT-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| COBBLER-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| WHEAT-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| COBBLER-No. 2 | 1.00 1/2 |
| OATS-No. 2 | .25 1/2 |

The trial of the famous cattle-stealing case is going on at Bellevue, Idaho. The evidence given so far is of a very damaging character and will no doubt end in the complete breaking up of the gang that has for years been getting away with a large number of cattle and horse.

SHOT BY A GAMBLER.

AN EX-ALDERMAN FATALLY WOUNDED IN A ROW.

Indians on the Warpath-A Polemizing in South Dakota-General News from All Points.

Fatal Quarrel About Politics.

At 4 o'clock in the morning ex-Alderman Whelan and George Hathaway were eating supper at a table in one of the stalls of a saloon in Chicago. John McGinnis and another man were also in the house.

Whelan had been drinking freely and was under the influence of liquor. Hathaway came in and went straight to the door of the little side room. As Hathaway appeared before him, Whelan arose and started toward Hathaway. Hathaway drew a 4-caliber revolver and fired. Whelan fell to the floor with a cry of pain. Hathaway pocketed his weapon, walked out of the rear door, and disappeared. McGinnis, Hogan, the saloon-keeper, and the others attended the wounded man, who was only half conscious and moaning with pain. A carriage was called and Whelan was conveyed to a hospital.

Arrived there, the physicians pronounced his condition as very critical. Hathaway was arrested on the Clark street bridge. He had in his pocket the revolver with which Whelan was shot. One chamber was empty. "I merely defended myself," said he, and then he inquired as to the condition of Whelan. When told that the latter would probably pull through he appeared considerably relieved.

Whelan has since died at the hospital.

Benegade Apaches on the Warpath.

A small band of Arizona Apaches have been terrorizing settlers along the Arizona-New Mexico line for the last six weeks. Several parties have been organized to hunt them, and two troops of United States cavalry have been scouting the Mogollon Mountains and the pass range for weeks, but without result, the band being so small as to readily elude its followers. Thus far four persons have been murdered by the gang. J. J. Harris, a Mexican ranchman in Western Grant county, and his son Avarian are the latest victims. They were shot from their wagon and the body of the old man thrown into the river, while the son had his head crushed with a club. Another son escaped.

Charged With Poisoning Her Husband.

Mrs. Elizabeth Herrick lies in jail at Woodstock, N. D., charged with murdering her husband. Three months ago Charles Herrick married Miss Elizabeth Beaudet, recently the wife came to town and purchased a bottle of strychnine on the plea that she wanted it for the extermination of rats. A portion of this she placed in her husband's milk and he became violently ill, dying before medical aid could reach him. An autopsy showed that death was caused from strychnine poisoning. Mrs. Herrick was placed in jail and refuses to talk.

Pickpockets Make a Rich Hunt.

On the arrival of the Illinois Central passenger train from the west at the scene of the wreck near Dubuque, Ia., the passengers were transferred to a train in waiting. During the transfer the pickpockets made a big haul. Nearly every passenger lost something. The heaviest loss was by a German, from whom \$175 was taken. Others lost sums ranging from \$25 to \$40. In all about \$500 was taken.

Big Loss By Fire.

The machine-shop, blacksmith-shop, and a portion of the stock house of the large mill belonging to the Youngstown Rolling-Mill company at Youngstown, O., were consumed by fire. The cause of the fire is unknown. The loss is about \$100,000, said to be fully insured. A singular coincidence is the fact that a few years ago at the same hour and on the same day of the week this mill was entirely consumed.

Run Off the Track.

Thirty people were seriously injured by the ditching of the through Santa Fe vestibule Denver express at Wray, Kas. The train was running at a high rate of speed. The engine, showed signs of trouble, and the car and three Pullman vestibule cars all left the track. The chair car, sleeper and tourist cars are on their sides. The track is torn up for about a hundred feet. A relief train sent out from Topeka brought with it all who were injured. The following persons were injured, many of them seriously: W. F. Jones, mail agent, pinned between cars and injured internally; J. W. Padley, mail agent, internal injuries; Harry Stone, mail agent, bruises and contusion about the head; Mrs. Ella Steele, New York City, hurt in the head; J. L. Terry, express messenger, Kansas City, badly injured in spine; L. Johnson, Kansas City, baggage agent, leg hurt; Hank Lindsey, Topeka, bruised in side, jaw injured; Mattie O'Connell, Chicago, head and back injured; Mrs. Dr. Beaslee, Telluride, Colo., bruised; teeth knocked out; E. M. Heaslee, same place, concussion; Mrs. George Turley, Fresno, Cal., back cut; Mrs. J. McFarland, Tyrrell Hill, Ohio, head cut; S. Sylvester, Milton, Cal., knee skinned; C. F. Farrington, Lisbon, Ill., collar-bone dislocated; J. A. Buckley, rear brakeman, hurt about back; Elizabeth Habbitt, Oakland, Cal., arm hurt; Mrs. W. J. McClure, Kansas City, arm dislocated; Mrs. L. E. White, Oakland, Cal., injured; F. A. Fair, Albuquerque, N. M.; George F. Peppy, Denver; Selen E. Ross, Albuquerque, Colo.; Carl B. Hunkins, Aspen, Colo.; J. A. Coulter, Colorado Springs.

Shocking Murder in Michigan.

News of the most horrible murder ever committed in the Thumb was received. The body of William Swader of Adams' Corners was found in his barnyard with his head full of shot, the skull crushed and other terrible marks of violence. Evidence points to his son as the perpetrator, and he was arrested and lodged in the Huron County Jail at Bad Axe. An attribute cause of the crime is the estate. The son had an idea that a portion of the property would become his should the old man die without a will, and in no other way. The victim of his child's brutality leaves a family of nine children.

Poisoned His Children and Himself.

The community of Berlin, Germany, was shocked by the discovery of the fiendish work of a poisoner, which is almost without parallel in the history of crimes. A retired farmer named Gast gave to his children some sweetmeats in which he had previously placed a quantity of poison. He then partook of the poisoned confection himself. After suffering great agony for some time the murderer and three of the children were relieved by death from their sufferings. Two other of the children, who also ate of the sweetmeats, are in a dying condition. No reason is known for the crime.

A Brutal Murder.

Michael Brazzell, 70 years of age, and for years employed as a baggage man by the Northwestern railway, was brutally murdered by three thugs at Des Moines, Ill. He went into his barn to feed his cow, when the three men who had been concealed in the building sprang upon him. One of them struck him on the head with a coupling-pin, almost bruining him.

William Haven, an employee of the National Tube Works, saw three men run from the barn toward the railroad and jump on a freight-train moving north. His attention was also attracted by groans from the barn, and, on entering, he found Brazzell lying on the floor. His head was pounded almost to a pulp and a dozen knife wounds were found in his body. When Haven entered Brazzell groaned and said "I am murdered," and turned on his side. He died the next moment.

Haven gives the following description of the men: One man was about five feet eleven inches tall, 25 years old, and wore a black overcoat. The second was five feet six inches tall, smoothly shaven, and had light hair. The third man had no hat nor coat and wore a colored shirt.

The wife of a shoe dealer near the railway station says that one of the murderers came into her husband's store a few minutes before the murder was committed. She describes him as a tall, slim man, smoothly shaven, with a reddish face and wearing a dirty yellow sack coat with trousers of the same color. He also wore a black slouch hat. It is known that the murderers secured \$400 in cash and notes aggregating \$1,500 against several parties in Des Moines.

Smash-Ups on the Rails.

A disastrous collision occurred on the Cincinnati Southern railway in a tunnel a quarter of a mile north of Sloan's Valley Station. In the accident two passenger trains never met death the engines of two trains-a passenger and a freight-dashed into each other, and the cars following jammed into each other in a mass.

Then came the added horror of conflagration. No description of the scenes has yet been made, only the bare results have been telegraphed to the officials of the road. These state that Firemen Gould and Welch, brakeman John E. Montgomery, Express Messenger Edward Luffner, and a mail agent were killed. The body of the mail agent was found in the wreckage of the freight train, badly burned. The baggage-master was injured.

No passengers were killed. If any were injured the names have not yet been ascertained.

The burning of the trains in a tunnel renders it impossible to clear the track as readily as it could be done on open ground, the smoke and heat preventing men from entering. Transfers will be made until the tunnel can be cleared.

There were two mail agents on the train, J. T. Gayle and C. P. Doegan. Which one of them is killed is not yet known.

A passenger train on the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham railroad, which left Birmingham, Ala., when out leaving the sleeper and conductor in the station.

Discovering that fact some six miles out of town, the engineer began backing into Birmingham. At Thomas Furnace, three miles out of the city, the backing train met an out-going freight, and there was a terrible collision. Several passengers in the rear coach were killed, and about 20 were wounded.

Buried Alive in a Well.

Andrew Chiller, a laborer, Brooklyn, was buried alive in an old well in the back yard of Samuel Klotz's house. Mr. Klotz had employed Chiller to clean the well, and the latter descended the well by sliding down a rope.

Whether the pressure of the rope on the loose bricks at the top caused the accident that followed is not known, but Chiller had scarcely reached the bottom of the well when the sides caved in. The whole thing seemed to collapse at once, and when half a dozen policemen arrived the well was choked up nearly half way to the top. At first it was thought that no one was in the well, but two boys were so positive that they had seen a man descend that the police began to dig the mass of bricks and mortar out. They were soon joined by scores of men, who joined in the work. They reached the bottom of the well, where they found Chiller's body, horribly crushed and buried.

Great Financial Crash.

H. G. Peters, of Manistee, Mich., was forced to make an assignment to A. M. Henry, of Detroit. Mr. Peters was a heavy dealer in lumber and salt and was interested in a score of enterprises. The failure is the largest financial crash in Michigan for many years. The assignment covers millions of dollars' worth of property and will be far-reaching in its effects. Meigs & Co., lumbermen, and Dunham & Co., of Grand Rapids, and the Fifth National Bank of the same city are all interested in the collapse. A bill of sale of a half interest in the wholesale grocery firm of Lemon & Peters, of Grand Rapids, was filed by H. G. Peters in favor of G. M. Davidson, of Detroit. The sale calls for \$40,000, and was given to protect the Detroit National Bank and Gen. Alger.

No schedule of assets or liabilities has been filed as yet. From outside but reliable sources it is learned that the liabilities will be fully \$3,000,000.

A Backwoods Tragedy.

In the neighborhood of Peake, Va., a gentleman, while hunting, came near a miserable hut, in which it was known lived a family of negroes.

He soon discerned that the air was filled with a horrible stench, and that buzzards sat around the trees near the house. On investigation he perceived that the negroes were found in the hut. They were of two negro boys. It seems that they had fought several days previous, and one of them had killed the other, while from wounds the other had received death re-sulted.

A child in the hut had its collar-bone broken, and was in a critical condition. Another male child who was ill was so cruelly bandaged by the woman who had him in charge that the little fellow was suffering horribly when discovered. The negroes in charge of the children have been arrested, and will be tried as being parties to the crimes.

Quieting Down in New Orleans.

The situation in New Orleans in the Italian case is quiet. The police believe they have all the guilty parties under arrest, with evidence sufficient to convict them. There are fifteen persons in the parish prison, four charged as principals and the rest with being accessories before and after the fact. The local officers think they have all necessary proof. Scarcely of the suspects, who was shot in the prison by Tom Duffy, is now almost well and is able to walk about the jail. The Committee of Fifty met and denounced the search of the houses of Italians as an outrage.

A TOWN TERRORIZED.

A GANG OF INHUMAN ROBBERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Fatal Runaway Accident-Killed by an Angry Bivvy-Other Condensed Telegrams.

Savage Scamps.

McClintockstown, Pa., is again the center of excitement. An outrage in line with those perpetrated by the famous robber gang occurred there early in the morning. The house of Mrs. George Murket was set afire by unknown parties and the occupants-Mrs. Murket, her little daughter, and a neighbor-were aroused in time to save the building and themselves from destruction. Mrs. Murket was attacked by two men one night in August last and tortured and robbed, her assailant threatening to burn her in death. A month later they again visited her. They tied her to the bed, stuffed the clothing with kerosene, and threatened to set it on fire. They finally left her more dead than alive. She has not yet recovered from the shock and this last outrage will, it is feared, result fatally. She identified her assailants as John Dean and Leuben Bowers and had them arrested. They were given a hearing and in default of bail were sent to jail. Recently Dean was released on \$2,000 bail. Mrs. Murket is the wife of an oil-driller, and no motive other than robbery is known for the terrible outrages to which she has been subjected. The community is in a fever of excitement and fear for their homes, so great is the terror of the McClintockstown gang.

Killed By an Angry Lover.

At the farmhouse of Enos Kerr, twelve miles north of Alliance, Neb., Charles M. Thornton shot and instantly killed Ferdi Robinson and fatally wounded Miss Myrtle Kerr. Thornton was engaged to marry Miss Kerr, but her parents were opposed to his suit. Thornton called, and the girl meeting him at the gate told him that she had yielded to the opposition of her parents and would not marry him. She finally gave way to her lover's pleading, however, and was about to climb into the wagon which he had brought for her when she was seized by her father. Thornton drew his revolver, when Robinson, who was in the house, hearing the altercation, ran out with a pistol in his hand. Thornton shot him through the heart. Miss Kerr then attempted to disarm her lover and was accidentally shot in the side. Thornton gave himself up.

Fatal Runaway Accident.

A fatal runaway occurred in Brooklyn. J. Adolph Moldenhauer, accompanied by his wife, was driving a spirited team of horses attached to a buckboard. The horse became frightened at the noise made by an elevated railroad train and ran wildly down the sidewalk. Mr. Moldenhauer was thrown out and his leg was fractured. Mrs. Moldenhauer remained in the carriage and was unhurt. Mrs. Maria L. Robinson, aged 61, who was on the sidewalk, was struck by the wagon. Her neck was fractured and she died instantly. Her daughter, Ida Robinson, 25 years old, received a compound fracture of the skull. A little farther on Mrs. Helen Waite was knocked down and her ear ribs broken. Her child was thrown out of its carriage, but was not hurt.

Fatally Injured by the Cars.

A furniture van to which four horses were attached, and in which were the driver, Sam Nathan, William Wickson the driver, and a man named Herman, was struck by a freight-train at the Jamaica turnpike crossing near the Village of Queens, L. I. Herman was instantly killed and Nathan was seriously injured that he died soon after. Wickson is probably fatally injured. Three of the four horses were killed and the van was smashed into splinters.

The Fire Record.

A big fire destroyed the shoe factory of Leighton Brothers, at East Pepperell, Mass., also three residences, seven stores and a block of boarding houses. The loss is estimated at \$500,000. Leighton Bros.' loss amounts to \$150,000. The Leighton factory employed 400 hands and turned out between 4,000 and 5,000 pairs of brogans a day.

Two sailors accidentally started a fire in the basement of the store house at the Mare Island Navy Yard, Cal., and in an instant the combustible material stored there was a mass of flames and the sailors were just able to escape. Chief Engineer Moore and Chief Clerk Hathaway had narrow escapes from suffocation. The loss may reach \$100,000. Valuable drawings and maps which have been accumulating for years were entirely ruined.

The three-story brick building of the Excelsior Waterproof company, Cleveland, O., was gutted by fire. About thirty women and girls working on the third floor were cut off from the stairway and were taken from the windows by the firemen on ladders.

The Findlay Co., factory of the United Glass company, eight miles from the city, heated pot-furnace and the furnace building was burned to the ground, being a total loss of \$20,000. Insurance on the part destroyed, \$10,000.

Fire destroyed the cutting, etching and engraving departments of the immense Hobbs Glass Works, Wheeling, W. Va. Loss, \$25,000; partially covered by insurance.

Passengers Held Up.

As the south-bound train on the Santa Fe pulled out of Socorro, N. M., three men were seen to step on board. After the train passed San Antonio these strangers entered the Pullman sleeper and locked the doors, then drew guns on the porter and conductor and relieved them of their surplus cash. Then they introduced themselves to the passengers, going through most of them and making a quiet haul. They jumped from the train on the Lasque de Apache grant, taking to the hills. It is estimated that they got \$15,000. The thing was done so neatly and quietly that very few on the train knew what had happened. The robbers were dressed as cowboys and had evidently tried to disguise themselves. The officers of the road have offered a reward of \$1,000 for their arrest.

Misunderstood the Orders.

Two freight-trains collided on a heavy grade on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis railroad seven miles west of Hamilton, O. The engines were piled up on each other and about forty cars loaded with coal and merchandise were knocked into splinters. The wreck caught fire. Six men were injured, two fatally. Brakeman Meyers of

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of Following the Infatuation "Love One Another."

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least sometimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud privilege—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and one of them called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but not now, oh no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

Wasn't Going to be Outdone.

An old man was walking to and fro in front of a small frame house that stood near the roadside. A traveler came along, and just as he had begun to ask directions of the old fellow there came a startling shriek from the house. "Gracious alive! what was that?" the traveler asked.

"Oh, nuthin' much—just my wife. She's in thar havin' her tith pulled, but a-body out here not knowin' what was up would think that thar was something the matter with her. She tucked up the idee some time ago that her nat'ral board teeth want good enough, an' loved that she must have these here teeth whittled make. The preacher's wife had her teeth cut out some new ones put in, an' then my wife was jest like a hen settin' on a hot red-iron. She kep' a dinkin' at me an' a-dinkin' at me, an' lowed at last that if I didn't agree to her havin' as good teeth as the preacher's wife she wouldn't live with me no longer. Well, I commenced to give in then, for if thar's a woman in this world that knows how to take a shote, she is the one, an' I jest kin't do without her."

I earlier agreed, an' she sold her best cow an' a feather bed that her mother give her when she was married, an' to-day we come over here to the dentist. I don't know how many teeth he has pulled, but as nighas I kin calculate I have heard her squawl about six times, an' if she hadn't had but six scratched out she's in a right bad fix yet, fur I reckon she must have ten more to come. Ah, thar come another one," he added as the woman shrieked distressingly. "Let's stop in and see how she's gettin' along."

The traveler followed the old fellow into the house. The woman, extremely fat, was sitting on a sort of bench and the dentist stood over her, vowing in soothing tones that the next one wouldn't hurt at all.

"How air you gettin' along?" the husband asked.

"Very well, indeed," the dentist answered.

"How many have you snatched out?"

"Seven, and I am about to begin on the eighth."

"Do it hurt much, Mag?" the husband asked.

"Oh, don't talk, it nearly kills me."

"Well, then, don't have no mo' pulled."

"What!" she snapped, "have no mo' pulled an' let that preacher's wife have better lookin' teeth than I've got?"

"Well, I reckon not. I ain't goin' to let her hold her head over me. Here, now—turning to the executioner—"tear out another one."

The dentist snatched his tongue in his mouth, fumbled around a few moments, braced his foot against the wall and suggested. The woman shrieked and the tooth came out.

The traveler thought he had seen enough of the show and he left the dentist's headquarters in the belief that the preacher's wife stood no sort of chance against such a woman.

Signing a Check by Electricity.

One of the marvels of electricity, and one of the most striking of the exhibits at the Paris exposition, was the little instrument which enables the operator to sign a check 100 miles distant. The writing to be transmitted is impressed on soft paper with an ordinary stylus. This is mounted on a cylinder, which, as it revolves, "makes and breaks" the electric current by means of the varying indentations on the paper. At the receiving end of the wire a similar cylinder, moving in accurate synchronism with the other, receiving the current on a chemically prepared paper, on which it transcribes the signature in black letters on a white ground.

Taking Down the Hotel Clerk.

"Is the man who owns this hotel anywhere around?" asked one of the patrons of the latently important clerk.

"No."

"He's a modest, retiring man, isn't he? Doesn't want any glory or public attention, does he?"

"Those are his qualities. How did you guess them?"

"Oh, I knew he must be that sort of a man; otherwise he'd give you the hotel and be clerk himself."

A good horse-meat dinner can now be had in Berlin for five cents.

The officeholder finds one remove as bad as a fro.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

CULLINOS FROM THE LEADING FARM JOURNALS.

Keep A Good Thing For Every Farmer—Death Larks In The Milk Pail—Is The Pig Always Profitable—Household And Dairy Notes.

Sheep on the Farm.

No other stock may be made so profitable as sheep. A small flock on a farm will pay twice as much in proportion to its cost as any other stock. It is not at all difficult to get 100 per cent. profit out of it, if the right kind of sheep are selected, and ordinary good care is given to them. Indeed, if the value of the meat as it is purchased is taken as a basis, this profit would easily be doubled. An average of 10 cents per pound is a reasonable estimate for the value of the meat, and there are a lamb and six or seven pounds of wool to be added, making an 80-pound sheep worth at least \$12 or \$13. Farmers should live on the best of their products, and fresh meat should always be on their tables. Mutton is the most desirable meat for them, as it is good in any form; roast, baked, boiled, fried, broiled, stewed or hashed; and a carcass can be easily disposed of in three or four families, so that sheep should be kept, if only for domestic consumption. The hams are excellent when salted and smoked, and for the hottest part of the summer these will be found most agreeable and desirable. Every part of the sheep is edible. The head and feet boiled make a very excellent dish and one of the very best of soups. The neck cut into chops and stewed with rice or beans is another most acceptable way of disposing of this part of the animal, and the numerous ways of presenting this meat on the table, prevents all danger of a tiresome sameness, which is apt to make one quite weary of it.

Ten or a dozen sheep may be kept without disturbing the farm management in the least. All that is required are the necessary accommodations.

Death in the Milk Pail.

It is a fact which should be noted and remembered, that milk is equally susceptible of contagious diseases as typhoid fever, measles, small pox and others of similar character, as a person is. And that milk exposed to the virus of these diseases conveys it to persons and communicates the diseases to them. A recent case which happened in Worcester, Mass., is especially noteworthy. An outbreak of the typhoid fever occurred in the town and was traced to the milk from a farm where the hired man had died of the fever and the farmer lay sick of it. Of the several persons who died in the town, the superintendent of the Board of Health was one of the first, and strange to say he knew of the existence of the disease at the farm and knew the milk he used came from there. This is a subject for all the legislatures to deal with and to place the responsibility on the persons who are to blame—the farmers who send diseased and infected milk to market. They might as well put poison in it, for it would not be any more dangerous.

Sheep and Their Teeth.

A Scotch sheep breeder says the lamb when about a month old possesses eight temporary inferior teeth—usually termed the "milk teeth." The after dentition is considerably affected by the nature of the feeding. When the sheep are on poor feed the center pair of incisors are "shed" at about 1 year old, and are replaced by two large and permanent teeth. At about 2 years old a second pair of large teeth are acquired; at 3 years old a third pair, and at 4 years a fourth pair; the animal is then termed "full-mouthed."

When the sheep are liberally fed the first pair of permanent teeth are acquired at about 10 months old; the second at 18; the third at 27; and the fourth at about 3 years. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and the teeth cannot always be relied on in correctly determining the age.

Care of Machinery.

Farmers lose more by neglect to properly study or inability to comprehend the machinery they use than they are commonly aware. They not only pay more for repairs than they need, but their implements are knocked to pieces, when with good management they should be almost as good as new. Then, too, the implement makers are obliged to spend large sums in employing men to go and instruct farmers in the use of machines after they have been perhaps a year or two on trial. No farmer should take a machine home unless he is sure that he understands all about making it work. If it falls then he should at once return it, for he surely cannot afford to spend his own time tinkering imperfect machines, or employ any one else to do this for him.

The Profitableness of the Pig.

As a rule there are few more profitable crops raised on a farm than a good crop of hogs. Bred with skill, cared for intelligently, and fed with judgment and regularity, there needs be little of cholera (so-called) or any other disease, and a sure harvest of fat and growthy pigs that will tip the beam at from 200 to 250 pounds at 9 or 10 months of age and sell to the first buyer that sees them in the stock yards at the top of the market.

It is with hogs as with cattle, sheep

and horses, however, the great mass of men breed without either judgment or intelligence and then expect them without care or attention to be as good as the best when the time comes to market them.

This kind of talk has been indulged in by us for two score years, and its observance in this and other departments of farm industry has aided very materially to make our readers rich, prosperous and happy. We see it in hundreds of the homes visited by us and our representatives every month in the year and every year; and nothing can be more gratifying to the hard working and enterprising journalist than to be able to realize that his efforts have not been in vain.—New Yorker.

Facts About Feeding.

The effects of heavy grain feeding can only be to vitiate or cloy the appetite, and to stimulate the milk product to such a degree as to lessen the yield from ordinary food afterward. Bulky food distends the paunch for a time; it cannot possibly change its form or capacity, says a live stock man in the New York Tribune. The cow's stomach is an elastic bag which adapts itself to the quantity of food taken. Fed highly on grain food the milk and butter product are increased proportionately to the ability of the cow. When the food is suddenly reduced in quantity or quality, there is a reaction by which a loss is made, and the product will fall below the former normal quality. Hence regular feeding should be maintained at all times. Changes, too, are to be made gradually.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

If the owner does his share the cows will do theirs. They may want time to get up to the point, but steadily improving, the end will be reached in time.

All animals require salt and it should be given as food, at short intervals in small quantities, and not in large quantities when the animals are hungry for it and take it to excess.

Whatever is unusual, or out of the common run, is the most profitable. Hence fresh butter made in the winter brings in more money than summer-made butter, and it is made at less cost.

Smut in corn or fodder of any kind is injurious to animals. This fungus has much of the medicinal and poisonous quality of that other fungus known as ergot. It causes gangrene of the extremities, the tail, hoofs and ears, and also produces blood poisoning.

The economy of feeding should be a subject for study by every dairyman. Liberality will be found the greatest economy, and to discover the extreme point of digestive ability of each animal and to supply it up to this point with the most nutritious food will be always the best and most profitable practice.

The most important innovation upon old methods in dairying introduced the past year, has been the practice of diluting milk with one-third its volume of water, for the purpose of raising the cream in a few hours. Numerous dairymen have tested the practice with success, and its adoption has led to the disease of ice for the purpose to a large extent. But as there is nothing new under the sun, so this new device is an old one known and practiced for 50 years, or more, back; but now enlarged and improved.

Condition powders are useful only to repair the injuries done by bad feeding or irregular watering. An attack of colic leaves the system charged with injurious matter and renders the blood impure. Then something is thought necessary to repair the damage, and condition powders are administered. A large cur-horse stable in a city was demoralized by the number of horses always unfit for work. The superintendent was changed and the new comer found a barrel of condition powder in the stable to which the drivers had free access. The stuff was removed and taken care of, and by careful oversight over the feeding there were no more sick horses.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A pile or custard will not burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Shrunken, half-worn bed blankets or comforts, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a stair carpet.

If you wish your floor matting to look as fresh and bright at the close of the summer as when they were laid in the spring, see that they are carefully wiped off after each sweeping with a soft cloth, wrung out of salt and water.

It is well to know that wood lye is an antidote to poison ivy. Boll wood ashes in a bag a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft tepid water and anoint with vasoline. Repeat till a cure is effected.

An old French recipe for removing grease spots in silk is as follows. Two ounces of spirits of wine, add one ounce of French chalk and one ounce of pipe clay, both finely powdered. Make the paste into balls and let it dry. Apply it by rubbing it slightly moistened, on the spot of grease. When it is dry, brush it off, and if the grease is not entirely gone repeat the process.

Horse-shoes Made of Hide.

In England and other parts of Europe, horse-shoes are now in use, made of cowhide instead of iron. The shoe is composed of three thicknesses of the hide, which is pressed into a steel mould, and afterwards treated by a chemical preparation. The shoe is quite smooth on the outside surface, no calks being needed, as the shoe adheres firmly on the polished pavements. It is claimed this shoe is much lighter than the iron shoe, lasts longer, and that the hoofs of horses wearing them, never split.

Col. J. Henry Sellman, Collector of Internal Revenue, Baltimore, Md., believes in it for rheumatism. He writes: "I have tried Salivation Oil, and believe it to be a good remedy for rheumatism."

It takes more religion to walk straight at home than it does at a Sunday-school picnic.

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup without wrapper or label, or in a mutilated condition, don't touch it—don't buy it at any price, there is something wrong—it may be a dangerous or worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package.

In the worst of times there is more cause to complain of an evil heart than of an evil and corrupt world.

Be sure you're right, then follow your knows.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

One lives a successful life whose aim is character building, with Christ for its inspiration and example.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The man who would be a leader must never keep the procession waiting.

BURNS AND SCALDS are cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE.

also SORE THROAT.

WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SEAL SKINS & FINE FURS.

OF ALL KINDS.

We are the oldest established fur house in the West and carry a tremendous stock of all kinds of Fur. Call on us when in the city or write us for catalogue. We make a specialty of Seal (Garmets), Gentlemen's Fur Overcoats, Hoses, Caps, Gloves, Capes, Etc. We also buy all kinds of raw furs. Write for price list. Mention this paper. THE FUR CO., 107 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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OF ALL KINDS.



"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for the good you get. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the peculiar plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Bores, Blemishes, Itch, and all skin diseases, and every

AT THE MASQUERADE.

It was at the masquerade ball. He had come as Ingomar, she as Parthenia. He had graduated from Harvard only the June previous, and as he was accustomed to spend his vacation with his family in Europe or on the seaboard, he had scarcely been home for four years. This was the first event of his homecoming, so not only was he a comparative stranger, but the few recognizable faces were masked from view. The accident of their costumes had assured him his first dance with Parthenia, and fortune had given him the rest.

He did not know her and scarcely cared to. She danced well and seemed satisfied to give him as many numbers as he chose. She talked pleasantly and not too much. He was pleased with the simplicity of her manner.

As they danced together it was as if they were moving in a dream. In the gay eddies of bright costumes, in the strange jumbling of the garments of all ages and climes, they two seemed faded to eling together, and thus to be alone. In the mystery of her presence he forgot himself and his isolation, content with the thought that for the moment there was harmony between them. Often other strangers are attached by subtle ties of sympathy, and in the first hour of intercourse are induced to touch on heart secrets that years of friendship could not elicit.

Once she seemed to question who he was.

"You have been to college—to Harvard?" she said, as they were dancing a quadrille.

He looked at her inquiringly. For a moment he fancied he recognized her voice.

"No," he answered as he took her hand in the grand right-and-left. Then regretting even a masquerade falsehood, or perhaps, with his vanity aroused to know why she had thought him a college man, he waited until they were together again and asked the reason for the question.

"Nothing," she replied softly. "Only I once had a friend at Harvard, a very dear friend."

"That is such a distinctive misfortune," he remarked, with a touch of smiling irony.

She seemed sadder and more thoughtful and did not reply. His curiosity was aroused; possibly he was touched with the dreamy regret of her voice.

"I once lived in Cambridge," he said tentatively, "and know many college men."

She shook her head and was silent. "I knew Ethelbert Perry and Earle Marvin."

She was startled.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Mr. Perry is engaged to a Miss Craig and Mr. Marvin is now in Europe."

He bit his lip in perplexity. Yet why need he seek to discover who she was?

However she seemed dissatisfied. "You know Mr. Marvin?" she asked. He laughed conclusively. "Yes, I have heard of him. He was a wild, humor-scarred fellow, well-known in his class, but a great prig."

"He had many friends?" she asked wistfully.

"At first sight people liked him." Then he demanded abruptly, "Do you know him?"

"No," she answered after a slight hesitation. Then she added, "I have heard he was very popular."

"Pshaw, no," he replied with a nervous laugh. "Oh, well, yes, at first sight, as I said, but he got many rebuffs. Did you ever hear the story of his conquest of Miss Boardman?"

She was an opera singer who was so fascinated with the way he played football that she paid him much attention. He went to her reception in the green-room the night of the victory, proud of the honor. When he got there, however, O'Leary, pitcher of the Boston nine, was ahead of him, and she turned him over to one of her chorus girls to be entertained. He never heard the last of it from the fellows, and in future confined himself to Cambridge society. That is the way it always was. He was a good deal of a lunkey."

He caught his breath as if to assure himself that he had not said too much. They were standing on the outskirts of the dance and he made haste to take her hand and break into the waltz. He was sorry that he had mentioned the subject at all, and did his best to efface the impression.

She danced very well. As often happens with girls of her restrained disposition she became strangely impulsive with the excitement of motion. When they ceased and went together into the conservatory she was beaming with gladness.

"How pleasant," she exclaimed. "Oh, it makes me feel as if I were a girl again and thought of nothing but friendship and flowers!"

He was amused at her assumption of nature.

"Really," he said with a sly irony, "you bear your age wonderfully; you are remarkably well preserved."

She laughed at the odd banter of his tone. "Do you really think me so young?" she asked, a little piqued.

"Ah," he said, with a languishing look, "you are as young as the unfolding lily, as young as the rosebud at dawn."

"That is true," she said demurely. "My mother has often told me that I was born young."

Very soon she relapsed into her mood of silence. After all he liked her better thus. As she clung to his arm she brought him dreams of his boyhood, when he had cared for one as lovely as she, perhaps, but now so long forgotten. They walked out into the hall and ascended the central stairway where they could overlook the dancers beneath. He leaned his head against the balustrade. She sat clasping her knees and gazing at him abstractedly. She was under the strangely imaginative influence of the masquerade. Perhaps it was just this very dream influence that pleased him so, for is not all friendship, all passion, a dream? Certain it was that as they sat together, strangers though they were, there was a perfect understanding between them, so perfect, indeed, that for a long time neither spoke or wished to speak.

He had been watching the gay movements of the quadrille. The motley dancers in the parlors beneath wove in and out in a turmoil of movement and color. He felt peculiarly isolated among so much mirth and gaiety. A stranger in a strange land is not half so lonely as a stranger in the home of his people.

At last, as if recalling his fancies, he turned and said, fixing his gaze on her mask, "I am so glad that I came as Ingomar."

She was listening but did not mind his words. Perhaps it was the rich strength of his voice that caught her ear.

"Because, you see, my costume privileges me to devote myself to Parthenia."

She bowed her head for pleasure. He fancied he could see a heightening of color even beyond her velvet masque. However, she remained silent, and he went on:

"And yet there is a subtle feeling of sorrow in the thought that it is Ingomar and not myself that you have favored."

Her gaze still seemed to pass through him and beyond. She had the air of speaking from the shadow of a dream.

"No," she said quietly. "I have enjoyed our dances very much. You are like an old friend of mine."

After a while she asked, "Do you ever fancy yourself deserted, do you ever feel as you used to in the years gone by? I have felt all the evening as if I were living my girlhood again."

"Yes, sometimes," he said. "As I used to feel when I was happiest and most light-hearted."

She seemed pleased at this and repeated, "I have enjoyed our dances very much."

"And I may have the waltz after the unmasking?" he said smiling at the naïveté of her remark. "Because you see as yet I have known only Parthenia. And I, too, have enjoyed our dances."

She shook her head softly. "No, I shall go home before the unmasking."

She arose and they descended to the hall. His heart was filled with delight at her presence. Already he had conceived a friendship for her. She was so simple and so graceful, that it seemed as if he had always known her. The thought of her going filled him with tender regret.

The quadrille had ended. It was but a moment before the unmasking. "Come," he said, "You say you have really preferred myself to Ingomar; can't you give me just this one last dance? The rest you know were scarcely my own."

"No," she said, "the unmasking would spoil it all. Let us part unacquainted."

"Now, what shall I believe?" he burst out with pretended pique. "It is I, not Ingomar; and yet the unmasking would spoil it all." The waltz-music began. The dancers threw aside their masques. There was a burst of murmurs and laughter, the regret of disappointment and the surprise of recognition. In the confusion she drew nearer to him. He laughed for joy, seized her hand and broke into the dance.

"No, no," she cried, tossing her head and struggling with his arm. "Oh, you must not! Do let me go!"

He laughed again. She was entranced in her despair. However, he was forced reluctantly to loose his hold.

There was a quiver in her voice. "I am frank," she said, "I must go. It is neither you nor Ingomar. Your presence has been the spell of a long friendship. It can last but an hour. I would not dispoil it. You cannot understand. Oh, leave me my dream!"

She was ravishing in her emotion. "Without this one favor," he pleaded, "your whole presence is a dream to me."

"No," she said, turning her face from him. "I must go."

An unmasked man in motley came up. It was Ethelbert Perry.

"Masks off," he shouted, and seizing one in each hand tore them from their faces.

"Hello, Marvin!" he exclaimed in surprise. "When did you come home?" Then turning he said, "Why, May! why didn't you tell me?"

A moment Miss Craig gazed on Marvin's discovered features, then her face blanched and she leaned against the wall like one who sees a ghost.

"May, Miss Craig! Oh, I thought it was you!" Marvin burst out in delight. "Now I demand the waltz, it must be mine."

But their masks were off and the witchery was gone.

Perry stood aghast, still holding the

masks in his hands. He looked at Marvin in mute surprise and at Miss Craig in mute reproach. Marvin was dazed with the realization of what had passed. She was choking with emotion and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Good night, sir," she said at last. Marvin picked her handkerchief from the floor, and stood motionless watching them ascend the stairs.

The next morning he received a note it ran as follows:

"DEAR EARLE—It seems that we must have had some subtle intimation of each other's presence last night that brought back the thoughts of those old Summer times. The generosity of our childish friendship has been one of my pleasantest memories. Ethelbert and I have often regretted that your life has grown so far apart from ours. We dine with us to-morrow. Will you not come also, and let us talk over the pleasant old days together!" Sincerely, May."

I thought I had forgotten her long ago," mused Marvin, as he wrote his regrets to the invitation. No doubt she had thought too she had ceased to care for me. What simplicity, what delicacy, what tact! How strange I could have lost her image for so long! And thus it ends."—John Corbin, in the Harvard Advocate.

Dom Vivamus, Vivamus. Let us live, let us love while we may, Life is fleeting, Joy is brief.

Let us laugh and be happy to-day, For the morrow may bring us but grief. Life is only a span at the best, Take its pleasures While they last.

Cheer the present with laughter and jest, And forget all the future and past. Let us live, let us love while we may, Let to-morrow Hear its pain.

Let us laugh, and be joyous and gay, And the sunshine may banish the rain.

LEMON CULTURE.

The Fruit Needs Careful Treatment to Fit It for Market.

The lemon must never be allowed to ripen upon the tree, second, that they must be cured something as a raisin is cured from the grape, and third, that lemons must be graded and packed just as they are in Southern Europe.

It was easy to pick them from the tree while green or just as they were turning a trifle yellow, but the next step was of greater difficulty and of more importance. This was the curing process. Many have now obtained excellent results but still keep experimenting in hopes of still further improvement.

All agree that the lemons must be cut, not pulled from the tree. The stem should be left about a quarter of an inch long. The fruit must be handled with care, for if a lemon drops to the ground it is lost, for it would rot if picked with the others.

Some now lay the lemons upon clean straw beneath the tree, others place on the bare ground, and still others prefer a bed of sand. The writer tested some upon smooth, hard earth in a dry, shaded spot and succeeded well with them. The object of each grower is to wilt and toughen the skin or rind and close its pores so as to prevent the fruit from rapid decay. The lemons are allowed to remain beneath the tree from one to three weeks, when the rind has become sufficiently tough to allow the fruit to be moved.

They are now carried into a cool dry room, a cellar is preferred, where they go through the sweating process that lasts a number of days. The object of this is to absorb all the surplus moisture from the fruit and is accomplished as follows: The lemons are placed upon the earthen floor, or in shallow boxes or in broad bins, and then covered with sacks, blankets or canvas. Others pack in shallow boxes and then fill the interstices with dry barley or wheat chaff. Those under the blankets are at the end of four or five days found to be perfectly wet. This dampness has softened the rind and made it flexible so that it can be handled with safety.

The lemons are now wiped dry and packed in boxes where they are kept in a dry, cool, place, free from drafts of air.

New Theory of Hailstone.

It is a problem yet unsolved to account for this suspension in the atmosphere of hailstone, which frequently weigh over an ounce. A recent theory, which seems to carry some probability with it, supposes that in the heart of every hail cloud there is a whirlwind, or "torpedo." It is well known that such disturbances exert a prodigious lifting power, raising heavy objects, such as carts, house roofs and even trees, and transporting them to considerable distances. The theory is that when a drop of water in such a cloud is concealed it is carried round in the vortex and lifted up, more moisture being condensed and frozen upon it at each gyration, until at last it is thrown out and falls. This would account for the alternate layers, but will not account for the formation of crystals, a growth which usually requires a considerable time.—Exchange.

Looks That Way.

A Rhode Island man left all his money—about \$10,000—to the African missionary work, and not a cent to his relatives, some of whom were very poor. The will was contested and broken, the law held that he must have been crazy when he wrote it. A law which won't let a man make a fool of himself is a good law.

JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The Story of the Journey From Jerusalem to Jericho Graphically Told.—Gladstone's Idea of a Christian.—Wonders Accomplished by Heaven-Blessed Music.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1890.—The wide-spread and absorbing interest in Dr. Talmage's course of sermons on the Holy Land and adjoining countries is demonstrated by the thousands who are turned away from the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday mornings, and from the Christian Herald services in the New York Academy of Music on Sunday evenings, unable to gain over standing room in those immense auditoriums. Today the fourth sermon of the series was preached as before, in this city in the morning and New York at night. Having announced as his text Luke 10, 30, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," Dr. Talmage said:

It is the morning of December 5, in Jerusalem, and we are starting for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the Orient, as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their neck, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whipped, they sometimes resort to American and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the Orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up the pace may be misinterpreted as a hint that you want to out-gallop the wind, or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steeples and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I chose for our journey, in Palestine, was the landlord's own horse, a good one without a stumbling step, and rocky steeps where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain sure-footedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two horses, and a caravan of our camp equipment. We were led by an Arab sheik with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the fact that this sheik represents the safety of the caravan.

We cross the Jehoshaphat valley which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the imagination of all who looked on it. It is like the gorge of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane, and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage—deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death-groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road to-day we met groups of men who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roy's. Joseph says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the great numbers of the robbers were living in the caves, the victims of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were two robbers in the cave, a living pair, and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he comes to the cave, and he is wounded and drawn out. "What?" says the minister. "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice today. I cannot spend any more time with this unclean place. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Besides that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well again to sit up, I will be glad to see you at the Temple." And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censers for the next three weeks, and that will be the uttermost. Go on your way, excommunicated by the centuries!

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple, and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite passing along this road when we are today, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "Sly!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt, and he ought to be helped. But my business is to go to the temple. I will be glad to see you at the Temple." And the Levite curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief offices of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from your censers for the next three weeks, and that will be the uttermost. Go on your way, excommunicated by the centuries!

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THE ANTIPOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPING.
SARE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
PUBLISHED BY

J. J. BURKE.

From the Press of the Antioch News.
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For Sheriff.

ALBERT F. CONRAD, City Marshal of Waukegan, is hereby announced as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lake County, subject to the will of the people, to be expressed by their votes this fall.

It is gratifying to us to learn that the few Democrats who have been advocating Mr. Murch are falling into line with the Donnelly boom and we predict that by the 4th of Nov. there will not be enough Murch men in this County to make a corporal's guard. The third republican candidate has taken all the wind out of Murch's sails, and the few democratic mugwumps who advocated his election are deserting him, seeing that the cause is hopeless.

THERE are a good many political axes to grind throughout the country today. Many of the public orators (?) now imposing upon the good nature of the people throughout the country, think that the only way they can get their ax ground is by heaping filthy and undeserved abuse on the heads of their political opponents. The day has gone by when this "gutter snipe" eloquence would have any effect on the minds of intelligent people. It is fact not fiction that makes the effective campaign argument.

ROSECRANS.

O. V. Young is building a new barn and A. Murrie is adding a new kitchen to his residence.

William Gelling went to Antioch last Saturday to spend a few days with relatives in that vicinity.

Mr. F. A. Murrie returned to Fremont Neb. last Tuesday after a brief visit to his parents and friends.

W. B. Lewin is receiving a course of instruction at a veterinary college in Chicago and will be absent until April first.

Mr. George Lewin and wife are happy over the arrival of a young girl in their household. All concerned are doing well.

Hetrie Welch is attending school at Valparaiso, Ind. and James Reeves contemplates attending the Metropolitan Business College in Chicago the coming winter. Any young man wishing the attainment of a good business education will find it to his interests to investigate the "Metropolitan."

Death of Dr. J. Lee Mills.

The news of the death of Dr. J. Lee Mills, which had occurred on Tuesday evening, at 6:15 o'clock, after an illness of one week, caused the greatest sorrow throughout Brighton Park. He was the true physician and his services were ever at the call of the poor and afflicted. He came here seven years ago and at once entered upon a lucrative practice. He had been constantly gaining in the esteem of the people, who in his death have lost their best friend. The doctor was 60 years of age on the 17th day of last May. The cause of his death was an old stomach complaint. He had recovered sufficiently on Sunday to participate in the family dinner, but he suffered a relapse on Monday. He was a native of Auburn, N. Y. but spent most of his time in the West. He was a nephew of the late General Robert E. Lee, of the Confederate army, on his mother's side, but no stauncher Union man ever lived. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity who took charge of his funeral. He was an Episcopalian in religion and a very devoted member of his church. The funeral took place Thursday, and was attended by the Cyrus Casey Post G. A. R., in a body. Funeral services were held at his late residence, No. 1884 Thirty-eighth street, at 3 o'clock, Rev. H. G. Moore officiating. After that the cortege, consisting of Masons, Veterans, Patriotic Sons of America, and citizens generally, moved to the Lake Shore depot, Twenty-second and Clark streets and the casket there deposited for transmission to Hillsdale, Mich., which was his home for several years, and where he married his present estimable wife. His nieces Miss Etta Mills and Miss Nelson, who were absent at his death, but were telegraphed for; also his adopted son, Mr. Jacob Savage, of Antioch, Lake County, Ill., and other friends and relatives, who, with Mrs. Mills accompanied the remains to Hillsdale. *West-Side Indicator.*

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

We were up before the sun that bright morning in early September, and as we had previously arranged and made everything ready for an early start we were soon on the road. There were six of us and a jolly company we were.

An exciting rumor had reached town a few days before that a wonderfully rich gold-bearing vein had been discovered in the western range of mountains only about twenty miles distant, and with every body else we were going to set our stake and reach the goal of fortune by the short route.

The first sharp frosts had fallen and the foliage of the trees and bushes presented a gorgeous appearance. The gold and carmine, mingling with the different shades of green made a landscape singularly wild and grand.

After leaving the main road, much of our way was exceedingly rough, and we were sometimes compelled to make long detours to avoid tangled thickets impenetrable masses of fallen trees and rocks, inaccessible steep or deep cut canons but the laborious ascent was at last accomplished and we were glad when the horses were brought to a standstill and we felt ourselves safe once more on solid footing.

Our hands in obedience to our tyrannous appetites soon had our coffee steaming and we partook of our hearty luncheon with a relish and avidity which a deferred meal in the fresh mountain air always brings.

It seemed as if the town, for the day at least, had emptied itself of half its population, for look where we would we could see men and women too, "staking" out "claims" and we soon set out on a "prospecting" tour.

After clambering and climbing about two hours we were so thirsty that we felt that we would gladly give all the interest we possessed or ever hoped to have in the hidden treasure for one glass of the pure sparkling artesian water which is one of the especial delights of our valley home.

While we were undecided whether to try to push on or turn back, we were made glad by the sight of a little stream trickling down the rocks, and on following it up we found only a few feet away a spring of purest water behind a loose boulder which had hidden it from our sight until now. From a pocket drinking cup we quaffed deep, refreshing draughts, greatly rejoiced over our find. That our discovery might be a benefit to others also, we nailed a shingle to a tree near by with an index finger pointing to the fountain.

We soon came upon what to our limited knowledge of the business we concluded must be a "show" and we accordingly drove our stakes, giving notice to all the world and the rest of mankind that we "claimed" by right of location 750 feet east and west from the center or discovery shaft, with all its spurs, dips, variations and angles together with surface sufficient for working the same and allowed by law &c. I gave to mine the cognomen "Ellis mine" meaning "I. S."

The men, however, not quite satisfied resolved to go beyond a rocky ledge farther up the mountain side and see what was there; while we, I mean the ladies of our party, started back to camp.

Getting back to camp isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, for we had taken very little notice of objects or landmarks on our way out, so absorbed had we been in gathering specimens and conjecturing as to their probable worth, or whether they really possessed any money value, and so we were each encumbered with a basket containing little shining bits and fragments of what we know not what; some clear as glass, others milk white, others again as green as an emerald or blue or gray, a pretty collection; stopping to admire some rarely beautiful vista which suddenly opened upon our vision, talking, wondering, and al-

together in love with nature, so wild, so picturesque and so awfully grand and silent.

Unconsciously the shadows had grown long and at length had wholly disappeared, and we were suddenly aroused to the fact that it was growing dark; we were very, very tired and worst of all not a familiar object met our view; and the awful fact stared us in the face that we had lost our way. We shouted until we were hoarse but received no answer. The night was slowly but surely settling down upon us.

There was nothing to be done but to press on, which we did as rapidly as our tired and aching limbs would permit, when all at once there burst upon our vision a sight which no lapse of time can ever erase from our memory, and which completed the awful condition of things. Not twenty feet away, on a jutting ledge of rock, crouched a lion prepared for its deadly spring.

One shriek of concentrated terror came from every throat and we stood paralyzed, helplessly gazing into the eyes of the fierce animal, which glowed like living embers, seeming to emit sparks of fire.

Suddenly and most unexpectedly from just behind us came the sharp crack of a rifle, the animal sprang several feet in the air and then fell back, but not dead. Gathering his strength as if maddened by the delay of his anticipated feast he rushed forward, when another well-directed shot laid this monarch of the mountains quivering at our very feet, giving vent to his rage in a succession of growls and roars which froze my very life blood.

It was all over soon however and the fierce creature lay still, dead, and we found ourselves tightly locked in each others arms unable to speak or move.

In another moment our deliverer stood before us. "Ich vas shoost in dime. Dond it?" he said in his broad, awkward, characteristic German-English accent, but really, as long as I live I shall think upon that man as an angel of God sent to deliver us from the jaws of that lion.

He was returning to his cabin after his labors of the day were over and our shouts had brought him to us just in time to save us. He kindly offered to accompany us to our camp in what is known as Pine Bluff in Alamosa Canon, distant he said "more as dree miles as der grow flies."

The animal he had killed proved to be one of the largest of its kind, measuring full ten feet, two inches from tip to tip. L. S. C. Monte Vista, Colorado.

POTATOES FOR SALE.

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